Is practiſe, onely giue me my ſeruant foorth;
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when ſhe put them vp i'th paſte aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Haile to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo; if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adultereſſe, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, ô *Regan* ſhe hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere.
I can ſcarſe ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her duty.

Lear. My curſes on her.

Reg. O ſir, you are olde,
Nature on you ſtands on the very verge of her Confine,
You ſhould be ruled and led by ſome diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better then you your ſelfe,
Therefore I pray, that to our ſiſter you do make returne,
Say you haue wrongd her ſir.

Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe,
Do you marke how this becomes the houſe?

Deare

Deare daughter, I confeſſe tha
Age is vnneceſſary, on my kne
That you'l vouchſafe me raym

Reg. Good ſir no more, thes
Returne you to my ſiſter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe m
Lookt backe vpon me, ſtroke
Moſt ſerpent-like vpon the ve
All the ſtor'd vengeances of h
Strike her young bones, you t

Duke. Fie, fie ſir.

Lear. You nimble lightnin
Into her ſcornfull eies, infect
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawne
To fall and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo w
When the raſh mood——

Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhal
The tender hefted nature ſha
To harſhnes, her eies are fier
Tis not in thee to grudge m
To bandy haſty words, to ſca
And in concluſion, to oppoſe
Againſt my comming in; tho
The offices of nature, bond o
Effects of curteſie, dues of g
Thy halfe of the kingdome,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good ſir to the purp

Lear. Who put my man i

Duke. What trumpets tha

Enter

Reg. I know't my ſiſters
That ſhe would ſoone be h

Lear. This is a ſlaue, wh

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